

RESPECT THE BADGE—FEAR THE GUN!

PROG 443
9 NOV 85

\$1.60 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
85g Mercury
210g Venus
66g Mars
10g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
42g Neptune

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD
FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**



**DREAD
THE
MAN!**

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

I have some sad news for you, and some happy news. The sad news is that we must say farewell – although not, I promise, for the last time – to *Robohunter*, as the great Samuel C. Slade finally uncovers the cause of his recent misfortunes, and sets off in search of billions new. The happy news is that we must say hello to one of the all-time favourite 2000 AD characters, who will be returning to my cosmic comic next week: the blue-skinned combat creature in person... the machine they made for mayhem... the last of the Genetic Infantrymen – *Rogue Trooper*!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

SLADE THE WARPED

Drawn by Earthlet Matt Timson,
Kibworth. £10 Winner.



THARG

PRAISE BE TO THARG!

Drawn by Earthlet Crispin Barker,
Brentwood. £10 Winner.



SMALL ADS/SMALL THRILLS

Dear Tharg,

Why don't you devote a page of your comic to classified adverts, through which your following could buy and sell back progs, T-shirts, etc...? Such a service would be invaluable, as many readers live miles away from comic shops, and are denied the opportunity to experience the total thrill-power of your early stories.

From Earthlet Hugh Paxton, Beaconsfield. £5 Winner.

I sympathise with your plight, Terran, but the fact is that a page of small ads is one less page of original thrill-power in my comic. Find out the address of your nearest back prog specialist, and use their mail order service.

6-YEAR-OLD DREDD

Dear Tharg,

Would it be possible for you to tell me the number of a prog, because I have lost the cover. The *Judge Dredd* story is entitled "Vienna", and the issue also has *Rick Random* in Part 4 of "The Astral Assassin".

From Earthlet James Ayers, Birmingham. £5 Winner.

The classic comic in question was none other than Prog 116, cover dated 9 June, 1979.

GET OUT THE GOLD BULLION...

Dear Tharg,

I would like to know if it is possible to purchase any of the original artwork from your zarjaz comic, or reproductions on quality paper. I am especially interested in your scan "The History Of Justice", from Prog 436, which brought back many memories.

From Earthlet A. G. Varty, Peterlee. £5 Winner.

Being Tharg the Generous, I recently decided to allow my droids to sell their original artwork. Some of them have since put their work on sale in selected specialist shops in London, Glasgow and Manchester, while others have preferred to use their pages as loft insulation and save money!

SOTH, SLAINE, BEAST, HOME SECRETARY...

Borag Thungg, Tharg.

While at school the other day a clearly ghafllebette teacher gave us humble Terrans a lesson in the Celtic language. He explained to me afterwards what is meant by the word "Soth" – so for any of you who have spent restless nights pondering the meaning of this word, all can now be revealed: "God's (Goddess's) Truth", or "Heavens Above", or even "Quaequam Blag"! Incidentally, when is *Slaine* returning? Also, did "The Beast" get any scripts published in 'JACK AND JILL WEEKLY'? And if so, can you reserve me a copy?

From curious Earthlet Duncan Wilson, South Croydon. £5 Winner.

Thank you for the translation, very soon, yes, I believe they were pulped by order of the Home Secretary.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... 443

NEMESIS **THE WARLOCK**

2000AD
Credit Card:
 SCRIPT ROBOT
 PAT MILLS
 ART ROBOT
 BRYAN TALBOT
 LETTERING ROBOT
 STEVE POTTER
 COMPU-73E

THOTH HAS ESCAPED INTO THE TIME
 WASTES, AFTER REVEALING HIS
 PLAN TO MAKE THE BLACK AND WHITE
 HOLES SURROUNDING TERMIGHT
 CRASH— CAUSING DEVASTATION
 THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY. MEANWHILE,
 TORQUEMADA HAS LEARNT NEMESIS
 WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF
 HIS CHILDREN. IN A BLIND RAGE, HE
 ATTACKS THE WARLOCK...





KILL HIM, NEMESIS!
HE'S SERVED HIS
PURPOSE!

OH, YES! I'D
LIKE TO... MORE THAN
ANYTHING ELSE IN THE
UNIVERSE!



TELL
HER WHY
YOU CAN'T,
DEVIANT! TELL
HER WHY YOU
MUST GUARD
ME WITH
YOUR LIFE!



NEMESIS?

GO ON!
TELL THE ALIEN-
LOVER!

BECAUSE, WHEN
ALL THIS IS OVER, I HAVE
TO RETURN TORQUEMADA
TO HIS RIGHTFUL
PLACE IN TIME.



OTHERWISE, ALL THE
EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED—
HIS 'DEATH' IN THE TELEPORTER,
THE MURDER OF CHIRA, THE
BATTLE FOR THE GOTHIC
EMPIRE—WOULD NEVER
HAPPEN.

THAT WOULD BE A
GOOD THING!

YES, BUT THE LAWS
OF CAUSALITY HAVE TO BE
OBEYED! THEY'RE ALREADY
STRAINED BY THOTH'S
TIME LOOP!

BUT IT'S WORTH
BREAKING THEM TO
MAKE TORQUEMADA
PAY FOR HIS
CRIMES!



THERE IS ONLY
ONE CRIME I AM
GUILTY OF...

BEING TOO
MERCIFUL!



WHEN YOU WERE MY
PRISONER, I SHOULD HAVE
SPENT MORE TIME WITH YOU
IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER...
SO YOU COULD REALLY UNDER-
STAND THE MEANING OF
PAIN.

BUT PERHAPS
I'LL GET ANOTHER
CHANCE TO WORK
ON YOU!



DON'T LET HIM
SCARE YOU, LUV.
WITHOUT HIS
TERMINATORS, HE'S
A HELPLESS WIMP!
HE'S LIKE AN ADVERT
FOR NAPPY-PADS!

BESIDES,
PURITY, I'LL NEED
HIS HELP IN THE
TIME WASTES—
WHETHER HE LIKES
IT OR NOT.



"TACHYON (FASTER THAN LIGHT) AND OTHER PARTICLES SEEPED OUT AROUND THE EDGE WITH OVERLAND — TERMIGHT'S SURFACE — WARPING TIME...

"CAUSING CREATURES TO APPEAR FROM MILLIONS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE, AND EVEN FROM ALTERNATIVE EARTHS.*

"BUT MOST OF THE BLACK HOLE'S OVERFLOW WAS CHanneled SAFELY THROUGH UNDERGROUND TUBES... THE TIME WASTES!

"HERE ARE THE ENTRANCES TO EARTH'S PAST AND FUTURE, IN A TEMPORAL NO-MAN'S LAND NO TERMITES DARE ENTER."

BUT LIKE A SEWER REALLY. YOU NEED OVERFLOW PIPES THERE, TO STOP IT COMING BACK UP THE —

YES, YES, WE KNOW!

"THEN CAME THE RISE OF THE TERMINATORS... SCIENCE, AS WELL AS ALIEN LIFE, WAS BLAMED FOR THE DISASTERS THAT HAD BEFALLEN EARTH..."

"BOOKS WERE BURNT, LABORATORIES AND COMPUTERS SMASHED. THOUSANDS OF BOFFINS WERE BUTCHERED IN ANTI-SCIENTIST RIOTS."

*SEE 'KILLER WATT' — NEMESIS, BOOK ONE (PGS 178 — 179).



A NEW ERA
OF SUPERSTITION
AND IGNORANCE
BEGAN.

"BUT THE BLACK HOLE ENGINEERS
BUILT THEIR BYPASSES TO LAST
FOR ETERNITY. THE AUTOMATIC
CONTROL ROOM, PROTECTED BY
TEMPORAL SHIELDING, WAS
BURIED DEEP INSIDE THE TIME
WASTES...

"I BELIEVE THOTH
FOUND A WAY OF
DESTABILISING THE
TWO HOLES— SO THEY
WILL ULTIMATELY
CRASH... WITH EARTH
IN THE MIDDLE!"

LIKE BEING
CAUGHT IN A PAIR
OF GIGANTIC
NUTCRACKERS!

OF COURSE!
THE CONTROL ROOM—
THAT'S WHERE THOTH
FOUND THE POWER TO
REMOVE TORQUEMADA
FROM HIS OWN TIME.

AND WHERE
I HOPE TO FIND
HIM— BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE TIME WASTES, THOTH WAS
CONCERNED ABOUT SATANUS, WHO'D COLLAPSED.
THE BEAST WAS NOW SO WEAK, IT COULD NO
LONGER ROAR WITH PAIN...

DON'T DIE,
THING... PLEASE
DON'T DIE!

DESPITE HIS VAST TALENTS,
THOTH WAS STILL A CHILD.
HE'D LOST HIS MOTHER—
HE COULDN'T LOSE HIS
PET NOW...

NEXT
PROG. **THE
NEW/ABC
WARRIOR?**

2000 AD'S FIGHTING
LEGEND—BACK IN ACTION!

ROGUE TROOPER



IT'S FUTURE WAR!



YOU WANNA KNOW MORE?



PROG FOUR-FOUR-FOUR!

FORGET THE REST-BUY THE BEST!



FROM THE 2000AD MEMORY
BANKS, THE MIGHTY THARG
BRINGS YOU HIS LATEST ZARJAZ
ISSUE OF THE BEST OF 2000AD!

FEATURING YOUR FAVOURITE HEROES
IN HYPER-BLASTS FROM THE PAST!

ON SALE NOW AT A THRILL-AGENT NEAR YOU!

THRILL-POWER UNLIMITED!



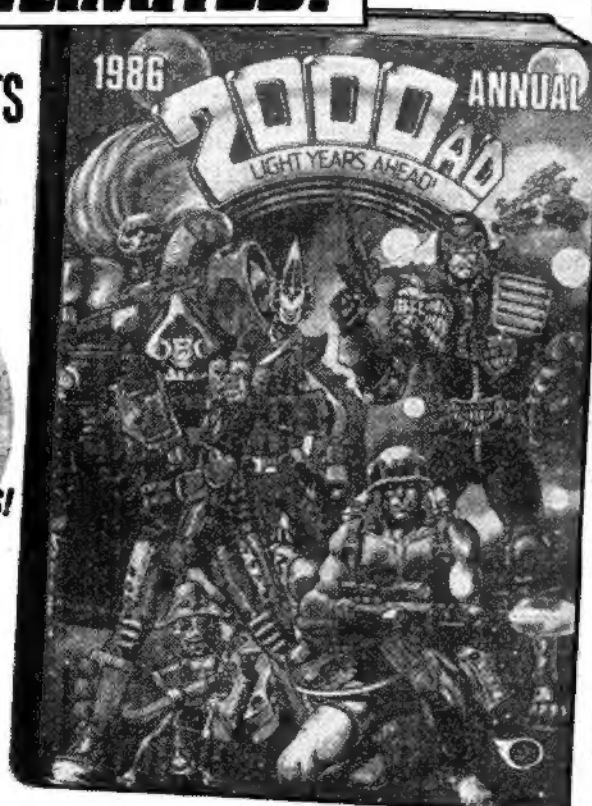
BOOST YOUR CIRCUITS
WITH THARG'S
ZARJAZ ANNUALS!

PACKED WITH
EXPLOSIVE COLOUR
AND ACTION
STARRING FUTURE
HEROES IN
TOMORROW'S WORLDS!

JUDGE DREDD
ANNUAL 1986
£3.50

2000AD
ANNUAL 1986
£2.95

FOR A TRULY
COSMIC CHRISTMAS!





2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73e

MY TWO ROBOTS HAD DONE A BUNK —
WITH MY 27 BILLION CREDITS FORTUNE!
NOW, AFTER 50 YEARS OUTA THE ROBO-
HUNTIN' GAME, I'D PUT ON MY OLD
SKINS TO TRACK 'EM DOWN. THE
HAPPY EVENT OCCURRED ABOUT A
KILOMETRE OFF THE COAST OF SIN CITY —

Sam C Slade ROBO HUNTER





IT WAS THEN I GOT
THE SURPRISE —

MARCONI - THAT'S
A BRIT-CIT CORP! BUT
STOGIE WAS 100 PER
CENT HAVANA BUILT!



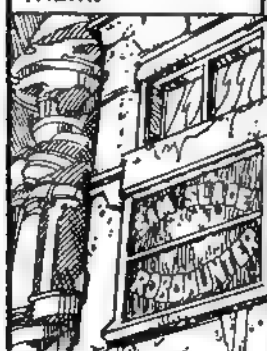
**THEN THESE
TWO ARE FAKES
AS WELL!**

SHEESH!
WHERE DOES IT
ALL END?





ONE THING HADN'T CHANGED, THOUGH - MY OLD OFFICE WINDOWS WERE STILL FILTHY, AND MY NAME WAS STILL ON THEM.

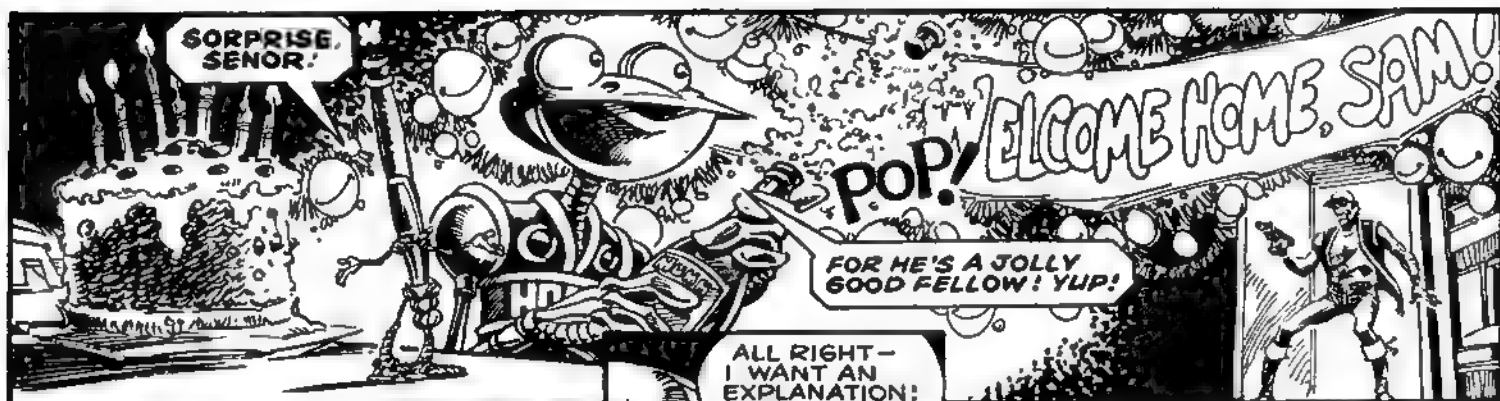


WHICH WAS MIGHTY STRANGE, CONSIDERING I MOVED OUT MORE THAN 50 YEARS AGO!



I WENT IN CAREFUL, EXPECTING A FINAL TRAP -





SURPRISE, SENOR!

POP! WELCOME HOME, SAM!
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW! YUP!

ALL RIGHT - I WANT AN EXPLANATION! TAKE IT FROM THE TOP!

SEE, IT WAS LIKE THIS, SAM -

YOU SHODDOP, HOAGY!

EET WAS MY PLAN! I TELL THE STORY!

YOU SEE, SENOR - I WAS THEENKING, WHEN YOU COME OUT OF THE HEALTH CLEENIC, YOU BE FEET AS THE FEEDLE AGAIN. A LEEETLE LONG IN THE TOOTH, PERHAPS, BOT STEEL THE FORCE TO RECKON WEETH!

AND THEN I THEENK - BOT EET NO LAST LONG. WEETH ALL THESE BEELLIONS, YOU SOON BE THE GREAT FAT SLOB AGAIN!

SO FOR LOVE, SENOR - FOR LOVE, I SAY - I HEET ON THE PLAN!

BEFORE YOU SAY ANOTHER WORD, LET'S GET SOMETHIN' STRAIGHT - ARE YOU TWO FOR REAL?

SI, SENOR! EES YOUR PALS CARLOS AND HOAGY!

IN THE FLESH, SAM. YUP!

TO SQUANDER MY FORTUNE? 27 BILLION CREDITS?

THAT'S RIGHT, SENOR! EVERY STEENKIN' CREDITO-GONE! POOF! LIKE THE WEEND!

AH, SENOR - BUYING ALL THESE ROBOTS EES THE VERY EXPENSEEV BEESINESS!

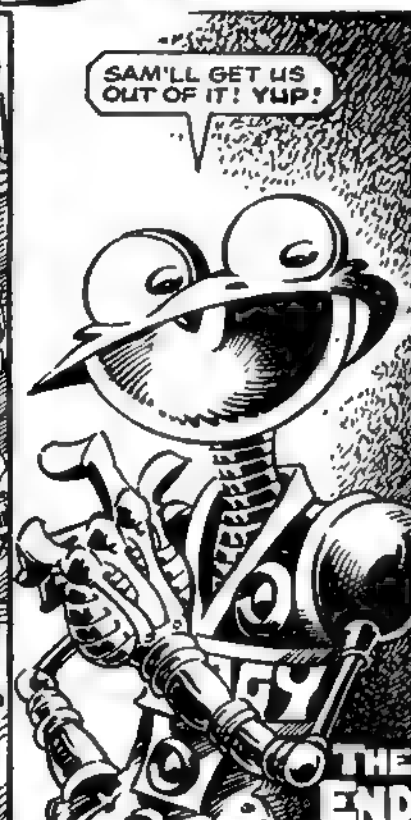
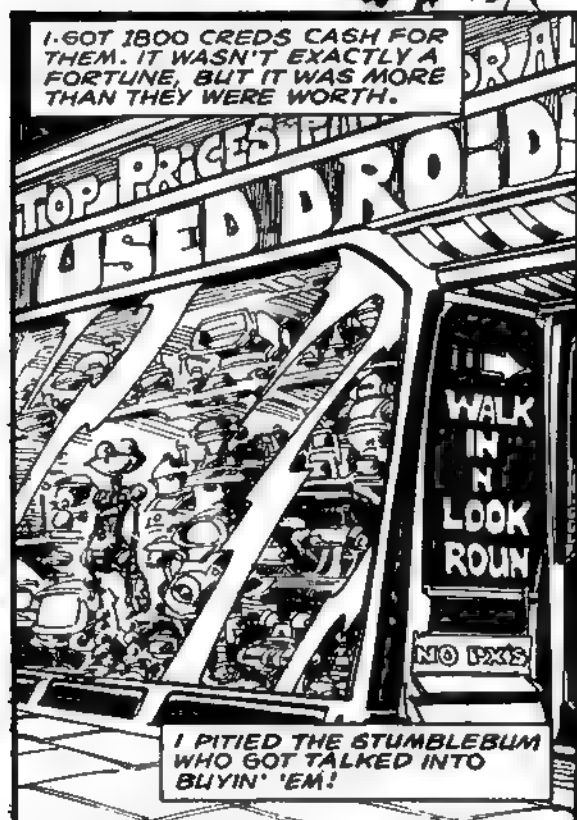
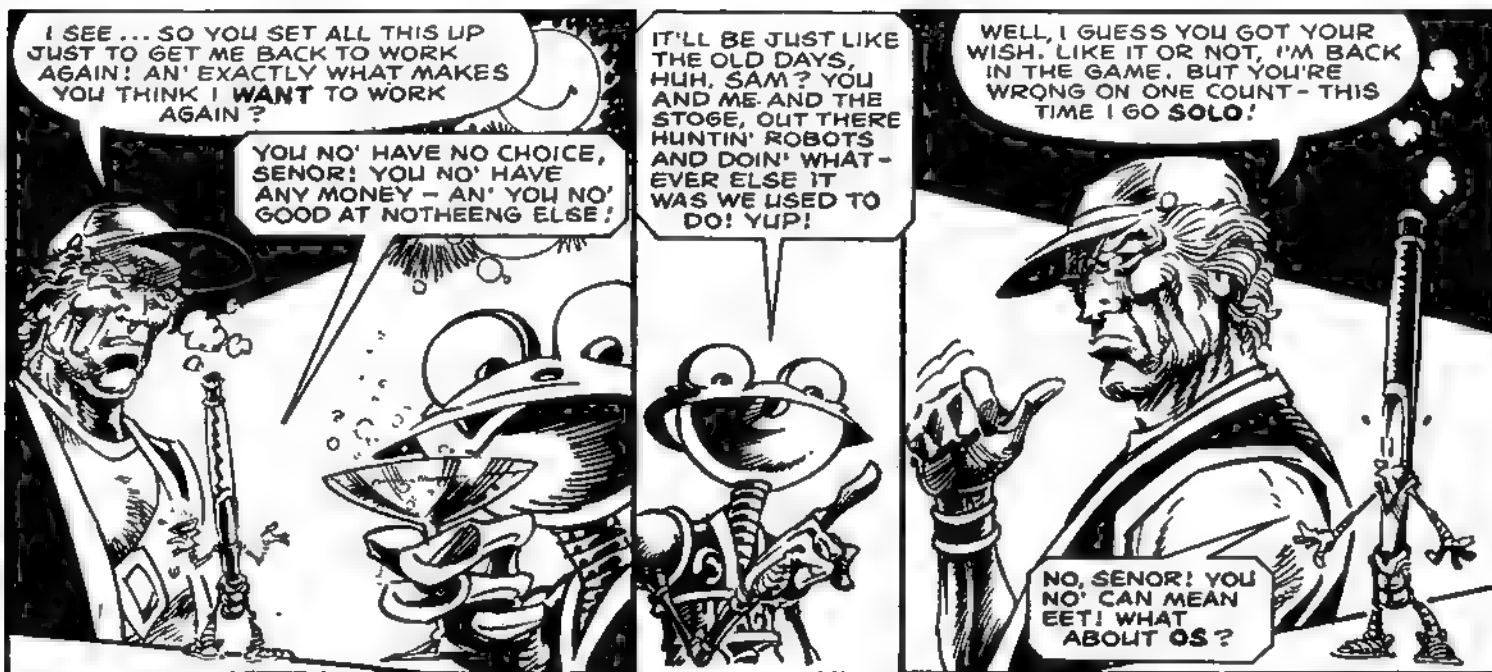
WHICH BRINGS ME TO THE BIG QUESTION - WHY ALL THE REST OF THE MONKEY STUFF YOU TWO HAVE PUT ME THROUGH?

EET WAS THE TEST, SENOR - THE GREAT MEESTERY FOR YOU TO SOLVE, TO PUT YOU BACK EEN THE MOOD FOR ROBO-HUNTEENG AGAIN!

AN' YOU PASS WEETH THE FLYING COLOURS! THE GREATEST ROBO-HONTER EEN ALL THE WORLD EES BACK EEN THE GAME!

WELL DONE, SAM. YUP!

BUT YOU ONLY SPENT 24 BILLION AT THE CASINO! WHERE'S THE OTHER 3 BILL?



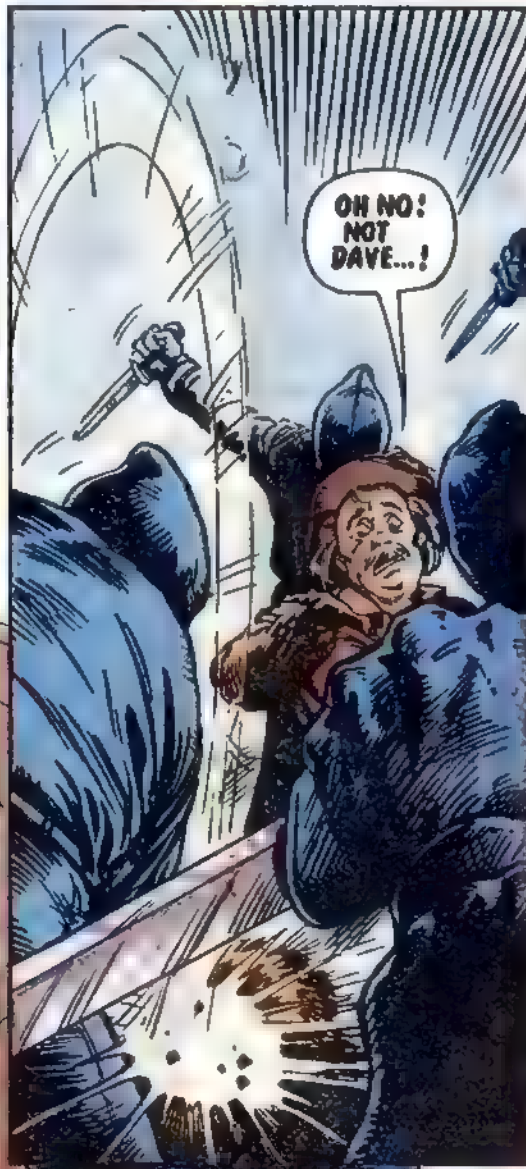
ALTHOUGH NOW THE CITY'S TOP POLITICIAN, MAYOR DAVE THE ORANG UTAN STILL LIKES TO KEEP CLOSE TO HIS ROOTS -

SALMONELLA'S BAR

'BYE, MR MAYOR.

SEE YA, BILLY! COME AGAIN SOON!

GREAT TO SEE MO AGAIN, DAVE. MAKES YOU FEEL SAFE WITH FRIENDS LIKE HIM. YEAH, SOME PEOPLE JUST WANNA STAB POLITICIANS IN THE BACK...



DEATH OF A POLITICIAN.



SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERS
T. FRAME

DREDD HEARS BILLY SMAIRT'S DYING CRIES —

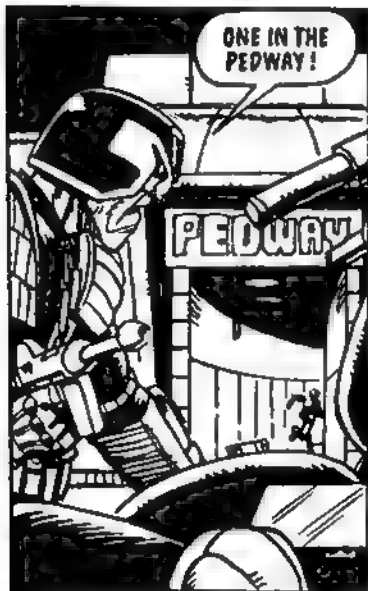
**DREDD TO CONTROL !
MED-SQUADS TO BACK OF
SALMONELLA'S BAR !
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT
US A DEAD MAYOR !**

**DREDD'S INFRA-RED PICKS UP
HEAT TRACES FROM THE
ASSASSIN'S FOOTPRINTS —**

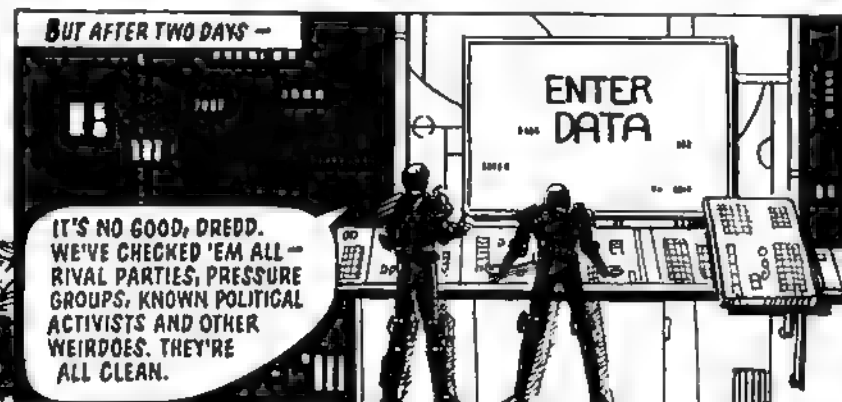
**FOUR PERPS' HEADING
UP MCKAY ALLEY !
AM IN PURSUIT !**

**THERE THEY
ARE !**

**NO TIME FOR A DETOUR !
BIKE CANNON !**









SOON, AT SALMONELLA'S -

SALMONELLA'S
BAR

I DIDN'T WANNA DO IT, JUDGE. THEY WAS MY FRIENDS. COUPLA REAL SWELL GUYS.

BUT YOU SEE, A WHILE AGO BILLY SHOWED ME THIS LIFE INSURANCE POLICY - MADE OUT TO ME FOR A MILLION CRED\$ IF BILLY DIED. HE SAID I WAS HIS BEST PAL.

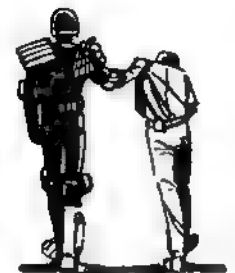
SO GREED GOT THE BETTER OF YOU, HUH?

TOUGH LUCK, MOLINSKY. A BARMAN SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TRUST A DRUNK.

WHADDYA MEAN?



THIRTY YEARS, CREEP.



THE END

MEAN MEAN

AT THE AGE OF 7, JACK KELLER HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM EARTH BY SLAVERS, AND SOLD INTO RICHMAN VON'S DEATH-BOWL TRAINING SCHOOL. THERE, VON HAD MADE A PROMISE WHICH STAYED WITH THE BOY FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE —

FIGHT WELL FOR ME. SCORE — OH, LET'S SAY 3,000 POINTS FOR ME IN THE KILL-PT — AND I WILL GIVE YOU YOUR PRECIOUS FREEDOM.



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
"THE BEAST"
ART ROBOT
BELARONELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e

IT WAS ONLY LATER THAT HE FOUND OUT THE TRUTH —

SO YOU'RE GOING TO BE FREE, EH? HAH!

I AM! HE PROMISED!

IDIOT! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THEY'VE BEEN PLAYING DEATH-BOWL FOR FOUR CENTURIES, AND ONLY ONE MAN'S EVER LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO SCORE MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND!

THE WORDS NUMBED HIM, CHILLED HIM TO HIS SOUL TO BE A SLAVE FOR EVER —

HE WAS ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD, BUT ALREADY IN HIM BURNED A FIRE THAT COULD NOT BE QUENCHED —

VON WAS MAKING A FOOL OF YOU! YOU'LL NEVER BE FREE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

I WILL DO IT! I WILL!



JACK KELLER NEVER AGAIN MENTIONED THE PROMISE HE DID NOT LIKE TO BE LAUGHED AT BUT FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS HE DEVOTED HIMSELF TO LEARNING THE KILLING ARTS WITH SINGLE-MINDED DETERMINATION —

EVEN THE PIT-HARDENED TRAINERS HAD TO ADMIT THERE WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THIS BOY.

AT 14, HE BECAME THE YOUNGEST-EVER TRAINEE TO GRADUATE TO THE JUNIOR BOWL, WHERE HE QUICKLY ESTABLISHED HIMSELF, SETTING NEW STUN/DISABLE TOTALS IN SEASONS '68-'70.

IT WAS HERE HIS RUTHLESS STYLE EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME THAT WOULD STAY WITH HIM THROUGHOUT HIS PLAYING CAREER —

**BAD JACK!
BAD JACK!
BAD JACK!**





IN SEASON '71, THE DEATH OF LEGENDARY DEFENDER FRANK 'KILLER' DIETZ ALLOWED BAD JACK TO BE PROMOTED TO THE FULL MEAN TEAM —



IN THAT FIRST GAME, HIS BOOBYTRAP TOOK OUT AN ENEMY ATTACKER —

SHRAAP!



HIS CHOSEN WEAPON—THE MACE—ACCOUNTED FOR ANOTHER —

WHUKKK!



HIS FIRST DELIBERATE SLAYINGS, HE HAD WONDERED HOW HE WOULD FEEL.

NOW HE KNEW.



IF THERE WAS ANY TRACE OF THE INNOCENT CHILD WHO HAD BEEN ABDUCTED FROM HIS PRIMITIVE EARTH-LAND HOME, IT DID NOT SHOW

THE PIT-SCHOOL HAD SEEN TO THAT



HIS FIRST PROFESSIONAL POINTS FAR FROM HIS LAST!

FROM THAT MOMENT HE HAD BEGUN TO CUT A SWATH OF DEATH THROUGH THE KILLRITS OF THE GALAXY, THE LIKE OF WHICH HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE.

HE PASSED SAVAGE CLEAVER'S KILL/MAIM RECORD, AND KEPT ON GOING — ALWAYS WITH ONE GOAL IN SIGHT!



UNTIL TODAY, WITH THE DEATH OF KRAY KREBBZ, BAD JACK KELLER HAD REACHED HIS GOAL —

HE'S DONE IT! HE'S GOT AN INCREDIBLE 5,000 POINTS!



REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE NOW, VON?

ER... YES. I MAY HAVE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE 5,000 POINTS BUT I CERTAINLY DIDN'T MEAN IT — IT WAS JUST A JOKE!



IT WAS NO JOKE TO ME! I'VE DONE YOUR KILLING FOR YOU, VON — AND NOW I WANT WHAT'S COMING TO ME!



FREEDOM!

FREEDOM!

FREEDOM!

FREE BAD JACK!



DAWN, TWO SUPERB SPECIMENS
GRACE LONDON'S PINK-TINGED
PAVEMENTS



AN! THIS IS THE WAY TO
START THE DAY, EH, SIM-1?
A FIFTY-MILE JOG SOON
GETS THE CREATIVE
JUICES FLOWING!

GREAT FUN,
MIGHTY ONE!

THARG THE MIGHTY

PSMITH'S FAREWELL

INTERIOR
POST



SIX O'CLOCK. REVELLS
SHOULD BE SOUNDING BACK
AT THE COMMAND MODULE!

AND INDEED
IT IS



COCK-A-
DOODLE-
BLAG!

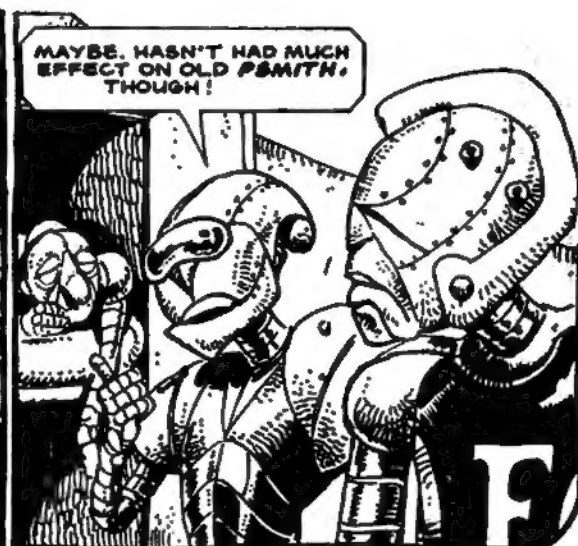
ARE YOU SLUGG DEAF?
I SAID COCK-A-DOODLE
BLAGG!

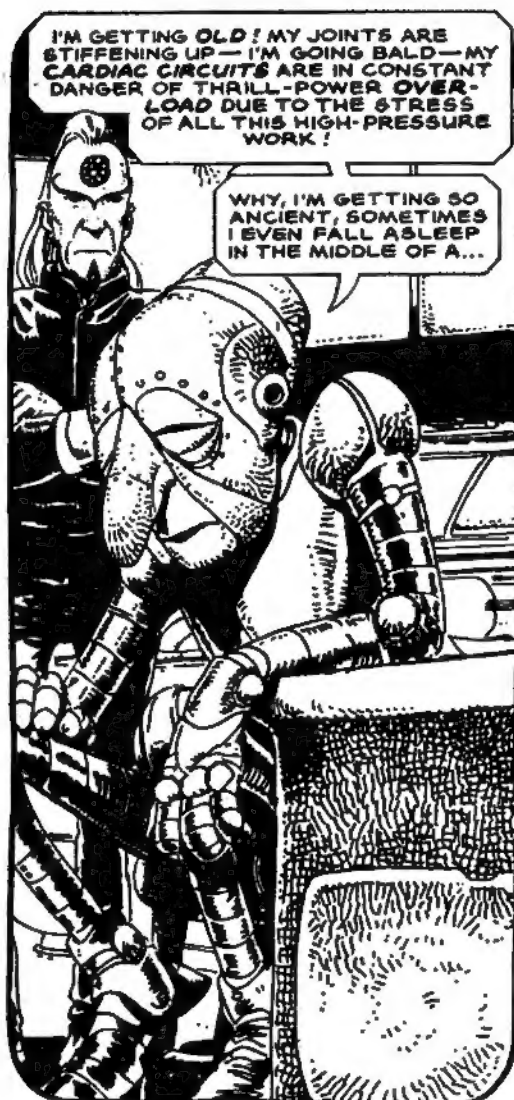
ON YOUR FEET! RISE AND
SHINE! LET'S BE HAVIN' YA!

2000AD
Credit Card

SCRIPT BY
J.M.O.
AND PUNNY
SQUAD
LETTERS BY
BOBSON

COMPU-73a





MEK-QUAKE — THARG'S "WASTE DISPOSAL EXPERT" —

SO, ANCIENT ONE — WE MEET AT LAST! HURR HURR!

EH?

BIG JOB, HURR? NOTHING MEK-QUAKE LIKE BETTER!

GULP!

MEANWHILE, THARG ZIPS THROUGH THE LATEST STORY IDEA FROM BRILLIANT SCRIPT DROID ALAN GRANT —

"BAD CITY BLUE"...HMM, THIS LOOKS LIKE A WINNER!

"...LOOK ON ME AS A KIND OF TROUBLE SHOOTER — ANYBODY STARTS TROUBLE, I SHOOT 'EM!"

YES, INDEED! GRANT'S STRUCK GOLD AGAIN!

GOOD SCRIPT HERE, SIM-1. SHOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT TEN-OR TWELVE-PART SERIAL, WITH THE RIGHT ART DROID.

WHO DO WE HAVE AVAILABLE?

LET'S SEE...KENNEDY'S ON A FIVE-PART DREDD...FABRY AND PUGH ARE UP TO THEIR LOINCLOTHS IN SLAINE...EZQUERRA — DREDD ANNUAL. GIBSON — HALO JONES.

SORRY, MIGHTY ONE. NOT AN ART DROID TO BE HAD FOR AT LEAST SIX MONTHS!

PITY YOU SENT PSMITH TO MEK-QUAKE. I MEAN, HE MIGHT BE GETTING TOO OLD TO WORK ON THE WEEKLY, BUT HE'S STILL A TALENTED DROID...HE'D HAVE TURNED IN A ZARJAZ JOB ON BAD CITY BLUE!

PERHAPS WE'RE NOT TOO LATE —

